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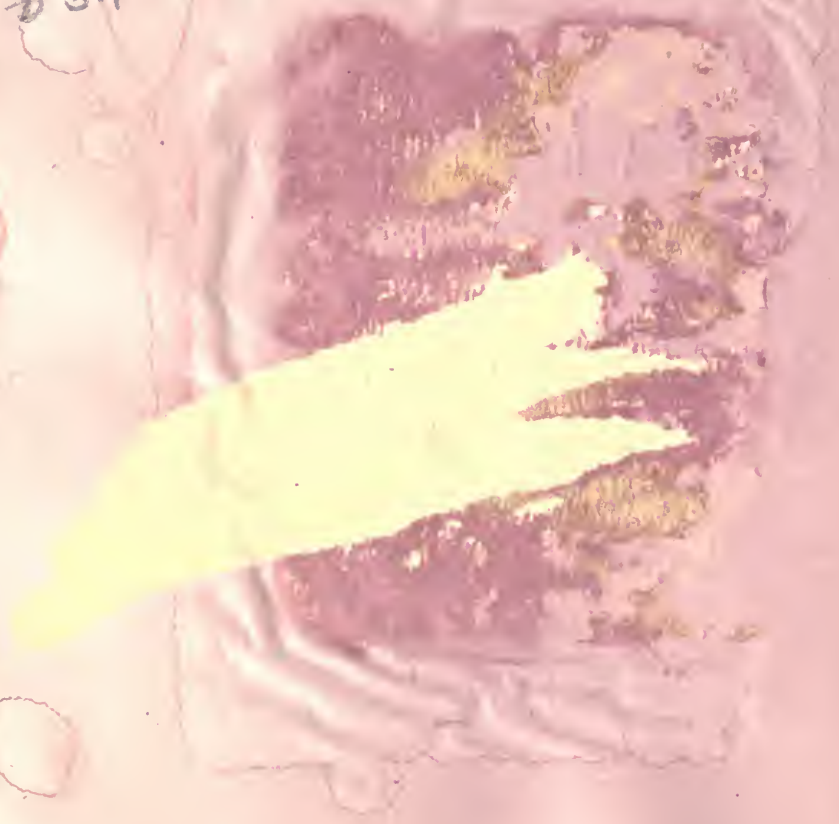
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THE ALBANIAN CAPOTE
AN ORIENTAL TALE
AND
OTHER COMPOSITIONS
IN PROSE AND VERSE

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Book 3

THE ALBANIAN CAPOTE,

AN ORIENTAL TALE,

AND

OTHER COMPOSITIONS IN PROSE AND VERSE.



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PREFACE.

It is, perhaps, advisable to premise that the first tale in this collection was written before the appearance of the *Serenade in Bon Gualtier's Ballads*, which it resembles in the style of its humour, such as it is. Both of us are probably indebted for the idea to the same source, namely, a passage in "*Little Pedlington*," an amusing *jeu-desprit* by Poole, published many years ago, I think in *Colburn's Magazine*.

The other pieces are printed very much in the order in which, at various intervals, they were written; which will account for the jumble of grave and gay which they present. The Opera libretto was written during the earlier phases of the invasion panic. Though a burlesque view is taken of it, the author must by no means be supposed to undervalue the real necessity of precaution: and he trusts that no one will imagine him a supporter of that greatest of all humbugs—the Peace Society.

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THE ALBANIAN CAPOTE.



AN ORIENTAL TALE

BY

JAMES BUGG,

EDITED AND REVISED BY THOMAS HUMM.

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PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

WE believe that a tale of intrinsic merit like this requires little preface of ours to recommend it to the impartial reader. The wonderful accuracy of the descriptions and the perfect Oriental tone and colouring of the story will at once be its passport to applause; but when we add, that it was written by a Bugg, then will envy itself be silent. The Author of "The Magnanimous Miscreant, a tale of Chivalry," of "The Mysterious Manslaughter," and many other works whose celebrity is equal to their excellence, needs not our feeble praise.

One word as to how this last effusion of his genius fell into our hands. We married his third cousin, and she being the nearest living relative, to her he left his manuscripts. We say he left them, for alas he is departed from us. He died about three months ago, repeating the words of his favourite poet, Montgomery,

My soul, aspiring, tries to mount,
As streams meander level with their fount.

Yet another word. Bugg had no near relations, but he had fifteen third cousins. Can it be that not one of these has been provided for by an admiring country? Is it possible that the third cousin of such a man as Bugg is left to gain a livelihood by his or her own exertions? Alas! the pen drops from our hand while we write an indignant affirmative. We could say more, but we cast a veil over our private wrongs.

In conclusion we have only to say that if the name of a Humm is ever associated with that of a Bugg, our labour will indeed be repaid.

THOMAS HUMM.

PREFACE OF THE AUTHOR.

The manuscript containing the following tale was put into my hands by a friend of mine, a Turk, who sold the staple commodity of his country, viz. Rhubarb. It had been translated from the original Arabic by himself, and therefore the accuracy of the allusions may be relied on. Unfortunately we have to deplore a very considerable hiatus in the body of the work, but the beginning and the end having been preserved we presume it is all that is necessary to attract the attention of modern readers.

JAMES BUGG.

THE ALBANIAN CAPOTE.

CHAPTER I.

IN a chamber of a cupola, situated in a sequestered vale in Anatolia, was listlessly seated a young man, who is about to occupy a prominent place in this narrative. He was richly dressed in oriental costume, and reclining on a soft and luxurious caravan ; besides him, lay his favourite chibouque, on the strings of which he would occasionally carelessly throw his hand and draw a few wild notes. The shades of evening were beginning to lower over the palm trees in the distance, when, as seemed to have been long expected, a slight rustling was heard, and a scented billet fell at his feet, having been evidently thrown through the window. He opened it with eagerness, and read as follows, “ O thou whose voice is pleasanter to my ears, than the song of the Otto,* as it flutters amid the rose-gardens of Wallachia ; and whose presence is more pleasing than the balmy simoom of Benhadad, know that she who adores thee will be ready for thy visit at the hour of midnight. My trusty Albanian Capote shall lead thee to my bower. Till then may the guardian ghoulé of thy ancestors watch over thy slumbers. Thine, Fustanella.” He pressed the note to his lips and muttering, “ Till then no sleep shall visit these eyelids,” sat down to wait for the appointed time.

* A bird which haunts rose-gardens, thence usually called the Otto of Roses.

CHAPTER II.

THE clock of a distant mosque had but just struck the hour of 12, when a low tap at the door announced the arrival of the Albanian Capote. He was a tall swarthy man, whose countenance was adorned by a pair of immense black mustachios. A stiletto, or long fowling-piece, was slung over his shoulder, while a palikar stuck into his girdle completed his equipment. Having muttered the usual salutation of "Peri Banou," (I hope you are well), at the same time doffing the caïque or fur cap he wore upon his head, he motioned to the expectant youth to follow. Selim, for so our hero was called, hesitated not an instant, but throwing his ample tarboosh over his shoulders, prepared to follow his somewhat dubious conductor.

The latter then drew from his breast a small yataghan, and having carefully trimmed the wick, he lit it at some coals which were still burning in the fireplace, and they both sallied forth.

Their way lay through a thicket of palm trees, and the track, which was narrow, was obstructed by various Oriental shrubs, such as the *Delirium Tremens* and others, whose botanical names we deem it unnecessary to give. Amongst them, however, might occasionally be seen the deadly *Upas* tree, which they were obliged carefully to avoid on account of its noxious properties. At the same time the light of the yataghan frequently detected the presence of the hookah, a small but venomous snake which they took care to abstain from treading on, though it often lay directly in their path.

It was not long before the white walls and green Venetian blinds of the abode of Fustanella appeared in the distance. They cautiously approached the place, the guide then turned aside, and unlocking a postern gate, ushered Selim into a dark passage, whence he soon emerged into the chamber of his mistress.

CHAPTER III.

THE apartment, which he now entered, was strikingly oriental in its magnificence. The table in the centre was covered with a richly embroidered kalionn, one of the most expensive products of Samarcand, the wealthy capital of Alexandria. The chairs were of the wood of the Siberian cocoa-nut, while the walls had been papered in the most elegant manner by Mingrelian artists brought expressly from Japan for that purpose. But now we must describe the fair occupant of this gorgeous chamber. Her face and figure were lovely beyond description. She was dressed in a brilliant scarlet papoosh, trimmed with the ermine of Ethiopia; on her feet she wore two beautiful small caftans, ornamented with jewels, while her headdress was a superb mandolin, from which her hair escaping in many folds added new graces to her faultless form. Such was Fustanella, the only daughter of Khanum Bashaw, the wealthy governor of the island of Bagdad.

Scarcely had Selim entered, when he was addressed by Fustanella in these words, "Alas, my Selim, I fear we shall not have many moments to converse together. My father is gone to the midnight mass at the mosque, which he never omits, and I expect his return every moment." "If that be so," rejoined the impetuous lover, "why not employ the precious moments in flying with me. Thy dromedary waits at the door without, it will speedily convey us out of the reach of pursuit. Fly, then, with me, and be happy!" Fustanella hesitated a moment, then saying, "Selim, I am thine till doomsday," prepared to follow her lover.

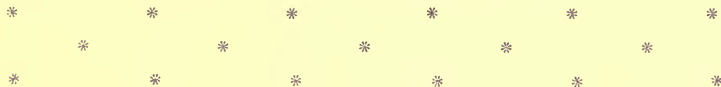
CHAPTER IV.

THEY found, as he had said, the dromedary held by the Capote standing at the door. As the Albanian, unwilling to be left to the rage of his master, insisted on accompanying them, they had some difficulty in accommodating themselves ; but at length each mounting one of the two humps of the animal, and placing the lady in the hollow between, they immediately sped away at the rate of 18 miles an hour.

Khanum Bashaw was a man much in favour with his sovereign, and had recently been invested with the order of the bowstring, which is analogous to our garter in England. When, therefore, he found that all pursuit had been vain, and that his servants, after inquiring at all the inns and turnpikes for twenty miles round, had returned discomfited, he resolved to lay the complaint of the daring abduction of his daughter before the King. Immediately ordering his elephant, and sending his heavy baggage by waggon, he started forth on his journey to the court of Constantine the Vth, the illustrious Emperor of Turkey. We leave him journeying over the wilds of Tartary on his way to Constantinople, while we return to the fortunes of Selim and his bride.

CHAPTER V.

THEIR way lay across a sandy desert, over which their dromedary bore them with undiminished vigour. At noon they halted, and made their simple repast off the wild gooseberries, which are always found growing in profusion in those countries. On pursuing their journey, Selim guided his beast towards a narrow pass, where the overhanging rocks nearly met above their heads. They had not gone far, before the barrels of several guns were seen gleaming from the bushes, and a loud voice commanded them to stop. In a moment the travellers were surrounded by a band of ferocious odalisques, in number sufficient to render all resistance absolutely vain. Notwithstanding this, the Albanian drew a pistol from his belt, and levelled it at the head of one of the bandits; but, fortunately, the cap did not explode, and he was immediately disarmed. Selim himself, however, strange to say, seemed to be under no apprehension; but, calmly dismounting, said to Fustanella, "I have long concealed my secret from thee, know then that I am a Giaour!" She heard no more, but fainted away.



CHAPTER XLII.

It was the first of March, and the noonday sun was darting his fiery beams over one of the loveliest valleys of Arabia. The sides of the mountains were fringed with the graceful palm, from which hung vines in wild luxuriance, their full ripe bunches testifying to the fertility of the country : from out the dense foliage many obelisks might be seen to rear their graceful spires, and the waving fields of golden corn completed the beauty of the prospect.

On the summit of a crag, which overlooked this beautiful vale, two figures were reclining. The foremost was a tall graceful man, clothed in a picturesque musnud ; a dress, however, which did not interfere with the freedom of his movements ; a pair of pistols was slung at his belt, and a ponderous crooked scimitar was slung at his side. The other was a dark man of Herculean proportions, habited in much the same manner as the former, though not so sumptuously ; he carried, in addition, two long stilettos, of which he occasionally carefully examined the locks. We believe our readers will have had no difficulty in at once recognising Selim and his faithful Albanian, whose name we may as well mention was Ispahan, the Turkish appellation of Stephen.

These two personages appeared to be watching for something approaching at the further end of the valley, which they could easily discern from their elevated situation. At length, Selim, shutting the pocket-telescope that he had been using, exclaimed, " He comes ;" and he and his companion immediately descended the mountain with great precipitation.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE object he had descried at that distance, was a handsome white elephant, which was coming along at a leisurely pace. He bore a magnificent sherbet upon his back, in which was deposited the august person of Khanum ; and was surrounded by a guard of about fifty burnouses, or irregular cavalry, mounted on handsome Arabian mares, each worth at least a hundred Turkish piastres. The Bashaw was reclining in an easy position, and indolently smoking a janissary, or long pipe, from which he sent forth clouds of perfumed smoke all around him. Behind him, on the elephant's back, sat Mustapha, his favourite black slave, and the most expert storyteller of Asia-Minor, or indeed of the whole of Antioch. He was at that moment engaged in commencing a tale for the edification of his master, when unfortunately he was interrupted by a tremendous shout of "Bos for uss !" (your money or your life), which proceeded from the daring Albanian.

Before the cavalry which composed the Bashaw's guard had recovered from their surprise, Stephen rushed forward, and seized the bridle of the leading horseman. His example was speedily followed by more than fifty other bandits, and an irregular fight instantly commenced. For his part, Selim impetuously advanced against the elephant, and in a loud voice, ordered Khanum instantly to surrender and descend. The reply was a pistol-ball, fired with so true an aim, that it pierced the showy minaret he wore upon his head. In fact, the Bashaw was an old soldier, and by no means deficient in bravery, having in his younger days served against the Curds, that live in the Creamea. Driven to extremities, the bandit chief shot the elephant through the heart ; the mighty

animal with a groan sunk down dead, and its rider was thrown with violence to the ground: Selim, saying, "Yield, you are now my prisoner;" immediately disarmed him, and gave him in charge to one of his men. The old man, seeing further resistance vain, resigned himself to his fate, consoling himself with the repetition of the well-known Arabian proverb, "An ass may eat a thousand thistles in a day, but for all that, a swan is not better than a goose."

CHAPTER XLIV.

MEANWHILE the fight was continued with various success in other quarters, but chiefly to the advantage of the bandits. In one part, however, it was still undecided where the Albanian Capote and the Arabian Burnoose were fighting hand to hand. The encounter between these stern and redoubted warriors was terrible: the sparks fell in an unremitting shower from their scimitars as they clashed together; and for a long time, no advantage was perceptible on either side. At length Stephen aimed a tremendous blow at his adversary's legs; the latter jumping over the sword, nimbly avoided the stroke, and at the same time drawing a pistol from his breast, struck Stephen over the forehead with the butt-end. The Albanian staggered and fell, and the Arabian rushing forward, was about to despatch his prostrate opponent, when Selim, who had marked the combat at a distance, but till then disdained to interfere, stepped over the body of his fallen follower, and confronted his foe. One blow from that powerful arm, and the Arab, cleft to the girdle, had barely

time to ejaculate, "By Jove, I'm done for," when he fell a corpse upon the sand. Dismayed by his fall three of his companions who were still resisting, submitted, and with the Bashaw were led captive to the fastness of the robbers.

One, however, of Khanum's suite was neglected. This was Mustapha the black slave, who had crept unobserved underneath a bezoar tree during the confusion of the fight; from whence he did not emerge until it had concluded and the rioters had departed. Then stealthily dogging their steps he marked them as they marched along the path that led to their cave, singing songs expressive of their joy at soon meeting their mollahs or wives. Having seen them enter it he ran back at full speed to the nearest police station in order to acquaint the authorities with the outrage which had just been committed. He found the inspector of the force stationed there, quietly sleeping upon the roof of his house, a common custom among the Turks—who like lying at full length upon the slates, and the steeper the roof the better they like it. Having awakened the functionary his tale was soon told, and caused the greatest commotion in the place. A swift *cadi* was immediately despatched to the metropolis to inform the Sovereign of the circumstance; and a few days saw a large body of troops assembled in readiness to attack and punish the marauders.

CHAPTER XLV.

It was in the middle of the feasting and merriment, consequent on the successful expedition—and while the peculiar liquors of the East—the sweet but powerful *kismet*, and the intoxicating *ulema* were circulating

rapidly, that news was brought to Selim by a scout that a large body of troops was marching up the valley, evidently to attack his stronghold. Fully alive to the danger of his situation he immediately ordered the feast to be suspended, and the most strenuous preparations made for defence. The attacking party consisted of nearly 1500 men, all armed to the teeth with arnauts, howdahs, and various other offensive weapons. It was commanded by the Sheriff and High Constable of Meecca, two able and experienced officers. The assault began with great vigour amidst a fierce discharge of culverins and lansquenets, and was for a long time repulsed with equal bravery by the besieged. At length, however, numbers began to prevail; the barricade in front of the cave was forced—the assailants rushed in and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter. Selim, seeing further resistance hopeless, immediately formed his resolution. Bearing on one arm the form of the half-fainting Fustanella, and wielding his tremendous scimitar in the other—he forced his way through the crowd of enemies that beset the entrance of his cave; and mowing down a foe at every blow reached the banks of a small lake that was not far from the scene of action. There observing a small caliph moored to the bank, he, with the speed of lightning, cut the rope, jumped into it, and paddled away. A few vigorous strokes sent them soon out of the reach of shot, and they quietly rowed on till they gained the opposite shore.

There, by great good fortune, Selim observed a horse saddled and bridled grazing on the bank. He immediately seized it, and placing Fustanella behind him, when he had mounted continued his flight. They travelled some days without meeting any one, and would have been reduced to great extremities by hunger, had not he shot several howling dervishes—animals with a peculiar cry and common in these wilds, but not very good eating.

CHAPTER XLVI.

At length they arrived at the well known city of Lebanon. They would have avoided entering it, but were obliged to do so in order to obtain food. Selim taking into consideration that his adventures were not probably known so far from the scene of action, boldly dismounted at the door of the principal inn, and ordered two veal cutlets and a pint of mild ale. The waiter immediately brought the required refreshments, and the weary travellers forthwith commenced their meal. But alas! misfortune often pursues the brave and the noble-minded.

The landlord of the inn chose to consider the appearance of the travellers as very suspicious, and bethought himself of consulting the Hue and Cry which he had just received: unluckily, the first thing that met his eye was the following paragraph.

“DARING FELONIES.—The police and all loyal subjects are requested to apprehend the following desperate criminals, wheresoever they may find them. Item; a tall young man, slightly made, with blue eyes and light hair, six feet high; wears blue overalls and a red cap, goes by the name of Selim, *alias* the Albanian Game-chicken. Item; another man who wears a fur cap of a very dark complexion, deserted from the service of His Excellency the Bashaw Khanum; took part of regimental necessaries; has the air and manners of a capote. Item; a young female who accompanies the first ruffian; handsome, and expensively dressed; goes by the name of Fustanella. Whosoever shall seize or cause to be seized these criminals shall receive a suitable reward.”

The innkeeper had now no doubt that these were two of the parties mentioned, but having overheard them calling each other by their names, his suspicions were converted to certainty. He secretly sent for a large force of the police; the unfortunate fugitives were unexpectedly seized, and promptly despatched under a strong guard to the metropolis. We must hurry over the concluding events of our history. Suffice it to say, that they were both placed in separate dungeons underground; their sentence was soon determined on; they were condemned to be beheaded in the great square of Constantinople, along with the Albanian, and one or two robbers who had been taken prisoners with the latter in the cave.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE greatest ceremony was ordered by the Sultan to be observed at the execution; which was designed to strike terror into all the malefactors of the kingdom. The iron railing in the square was taken down, and an equestrian statue of one of his predecessors, which stood in the midst, was removed to make way for the scaffold. He also desired that the Turkish nobility and all the foreign ambassadors should be present. At length the fatal day arrived: amid the tolling of muffled bells from the mosques, the unhappy victims were led to the place of execution in solemn procession. In front, upon a throne of gold, was seated the Sultan, protected from the sun by a gorgeous omrah of crimson cloth, on which were embroidered the arms of Turkey, viz. Mahomet killing the dra-

goman: on either side were placed the ambassadors and the great dignitaries of the empire, amongst whom might be seen Khanum, agonized at the approaching fate of his daughter. The rest of the square was filled with the populace and strangers from all the neighbouring towns, and even the distant ones of Bagdad, Ararat and Stamboul.

When everything was ready, the chief justice of Turkey, in a flowing wig and black gown, read aloud the doom pronounced against the unfortunate prisoners, and the reasons why it was inflicted. This done, Selim, who was to be first beheaded, mounted the scaffold. Already the axe of the Santon who officiated was raised to strike, when a loud cry was heard from near the throne, which caused him to stop. To the unbounded astonishment of the spectators, no less a person than the English ambassador was seen to make his way through the crowd, to rush frantically up to the scaffold, and to fall on Selim's neck, exclaiming, "My brother!"

In a moment all was confusion. The Sultan, crying out, "Britons never can be slaves," ordered Selim to be immediately unbound and pardoned. The brothers thus strangely reunited, again embraced and descended from the scaffold. Their singular history we must defer to a more appropriate period. Notwithstanding the tears and entreaties of the just rescued Selim, who declared that he preferred death to living without his bride, the Sultan was inexorable in declaring that the law should take its course with the others. Pursuant to this stern command, the unfortunate maiden was next led on the fatal stage. To facilitate the operation of the axe, her lovely tresses were tied up, and her fair neck exposed to public view. Scarcely was this done, when a cry of surprise burst from the lips of,—the Sultan himself! On her neck could be distinctly seen, tattooed with gunpowder, a small cross, a mark which he seemed at once to recognise. "Can I believe my eyes?"

cried he with trembling eagerness, "Art thou, or art thou not? my daughter!" Overcome by his emotion, he fainted away.

Of course, the execution was at once suspended. On his recovery, the Sultan examined the mark more narrowly, and became satisfied that his long lost child was restored to him. For joy at the event, the remaining captives were pardoned, and the day ended in rejoicings. But we must hasten to lay before our readers an explanation of these singular occurrences.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SELIM, or as we must in future call him, Lord Godfrey Montacute Fitz-Osborne, was the second son of the Earl of Rattletraps, a nobleman who possessed a fortune of £150,000 a year. The eldest son of the Earl, Lord Alberic de Vere Montacute Fitz-Osborne, was, as all elder brothers in the English aristocracy are, a man of the most violent overbearing character, and systematically injured his younger brothers in every possible way, aided and abetted by his mother Lady Alicia, who, as is likewise usual, idolised the eldest, and hated the younger children. The third son, Sir Montmorency Fitz-Osborne, up to the age of twenty, was also a victim of his brother's tyrannical conduct, till the Prime Minister, compassionating his situation, gave him the post of Ambassador to Turkey, to separate him from his brother.

As for our hero, he could not long suffer the series of insults to which he was subjected. He at last ran away in disguise and enlisted on board a cutter-of-war, a fine ship, with three masts and a complement of 450

men. Here he suffered unnumbered hardships, being frequently obliged to stay on deck when he was sea-sick, to walk the plank, and other things of that kind, till he could bear it no longer. Having bid adieu to the captain and the officers, he went on shore at the nearest land, which happened to be Greece. There he fell in with a band of robbers who were at first going to plunder him; but remarking, and being pleased with his wild and fearless air, they unanimously elected him their chief. This kind of life exactly suited his enterprising and generous spirit, and he passed some time at their head, performing all his enterprises in a spirit of lofty daring, which none but hypocrites can blame. At length, seeing and falling in love with Fustanella, he formed the idea of carrying her off, which bold deed gave rise to the events detailed in the foregoing chapters.

Pass we on to the explanation of the mystery of Fustanella's birth. There needs but a brief statement of the facts. She was not, as our readers may perhaps have surmised, the daughter of Khanum, but of the Sultan. When yet an infant, she had been stolen from the latter by a gipsy, though not till he had impressed the mark upon her neck, of which mention has been made. Khanum having no children of his own, bought her a short time afterwards, and brought her up as his daughter, which till then, she had always imagined herself to be. Such was her simple history: the conclusion of our tale is now near at hand.

CHAPTER XLIX.

GREAT were the rejoicings at Constantinople on a fine day in the week following that in which the stirring events just related, occurred. As a proof of his having pardoned the young couple, the Sultan had desired that they should be re-married with all possible solemnity. Accordingly, the ceremony was performed in the mosque in the most magnificent manner; the Sultan giving the lady away, and the princesses, her sisters, fourteen in number, officiating as bridesmaids.

Shortly after, the re-united and happy pair departed for England, where Selim, or as we ought to call him Lord Godfrey, had become by his brother's death the heir of his father's fortune. They would have taken the Albanian with them, but that individual preferred opening a wine-shop at Constantinople, where being much patronised by the Court, he soon made his fortune. The noble pair meanwhile still live happily together, and though his wife has taken the name of Lady Godfrey, Selim may often be heard to call her by the endearing title of

FUSTY.

THE END.

THE SIEGE OF ALTENAH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WHERE loftiest in majestic strength the cliffs o'erhang the Ahr,
 Rose stern and bold, in days of old, the halls of Altenahr.
 Whose turrets reared their crown'd heads high in embattled pride,
 Like monarchs hoar, stern gazing o'er the country far and wide.

And swoll'n, as if with envious wrath beneath them rolled the flood,
 Its foaming waves against the cliff whereon the Castle stood;
 As though to undermine the mass the angry waters tried,
 Which, from its firm foundation, still that mighty stream defied.

In days of yore, there rose of war, a wild and furious flame,
 And arm'd hosts in proud array, from all sides trooping came—
 Bishops and princes joined in hate led on their squadrons brave,
 The bold Castellan to subdue, who scorned to be their slave.

But still the cliff above them there, a massy bulwark rears;
 The lofty walls, like bucklers, frown defiance to their spears.
 And many a day slow passed away, and many a month and year,
 Though grim despair had thinned their ranks, the foe still lingered near.

At length upon the walls rode forth, at morning's dawning light,
The Count upon his gallant steed, all sheathed in armour bright.
Like to the sunbeam flashed his glance, by sorrow dimmed so long,
His voice which long had silent been, rang loud the vale along—

“ Upon the last remaining horse, lo, mounted here you see,
Of all within these walls, your last remaining enemy.
My wife and children, by disease, have died a bitter death—
To famine fierce my vassals all have yielded up their breath.

“ And though they might not nobly die in honourable strife,
Yet freedom's crown have they attained ; a dearer prize than life.
And free will I too meet my death, as I have lived before,
For slavery is misery, and shame for evermore !”

He ceased, and raised his eyes to heav'n, then spurred his noble steed,
And headlong down the pathless steep he rushed with frantic speed—
Loud rattling down the precipice and craggy rocks, he falls,
Till swallowed by the foaming flood that raves beneath the walls.

No longer staid th' invading host, but seized with panic dread
They homeward hied, and silent left that valley of the dead.
'Neath Time's attacks the castle proud long since hath crumbled down,
And towers twain alone remain that lofty height to crown.

Yet still the old tradition mid the people holds its place,
From mouth to mouth it passes still—hies on from race to race,
And teaches all the nations that for men to perish free
Is better than to pine away in shameful slavery.

HYMN OF THE GREEK EXILES AT THE COURT OF PERSIA.

STROPHE I.

ROUND Hellas' mountains blue,
 Among her teeming plains,
 A Spirit dwelt, of old 'tis true,
 That still in cherished power grew,
 Upon her land his influence shed.
 As when from old Cyllene's head
 Pour forth th' autumnal rains.
 Her sons in manly valour shone
 Beneath his fostering care ;
 In battle aye the victory won
 And when the stubborn fight was done,
 As leaning then their spears upon,
 The hard-won spoils they share,
 They own his might, their guardian lord,
 Who gives them strength to wield the sword,
 The cuirass weight to bear :
 That they the buckler's weight can raise,
 To him they sing the song of praise ;

To him they owe
All things on earth below
And valiant deeds to dare.

ANTISTROPHE I.

In loveliness our maidens grow
Beneath his eye serene ;
To him their bright'ning charms they owe,
Through him their glances burning glow
To them their dark hair's ebon wave,
To them their every grace he gave ;
Be sure it always was his care,
As it may well be seen,
To give the bravest of the brave
As partners of their glorious toils,
As sharers of their hard won spoils
The fairest of the fair.

STROPHE II.

And while upon each favoured child
Has Hellas' guardian spirit smiled,
And while her warriors have no fears,

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Her daughters yield to none;
The first to raise the towering spears,
Or bracing hard the bull-hide shield
Their swords determined might to wield

Until the fight is won :
The second in the softer power
That e'er remaineth beauty's dower
Which none can see and yet withstand ;
Yet still his further blessings shower
Upon her favoured land.

He wisdom gives to hoary age
To guide the realm with counsels sage ;
Her ships careering o'er the brine,
Her land that teems with oil and wine,

His guardian care attest.
Then those that dwell upon her land
Shall ever praise his fostering hand
And feel that they are blest.

ANTISTROPHE II.

And would ye know His honoured name,
That Hellas' country fair throughout,
With one consent and loud acclaim,
By maiden, warrior, sire and dame
Is praised with joyful shout.
'Tis Liberty, 'tis glorious Liberty!
The echo of that worshipped name
On Hellas' hills can never die
While lasts this universal frame.
'Tis whispered by each laughing breeze
That floats around her rugged shore:
In answering waves her stormy seas
Repeat his name with boisterous roar.
And dearer far than heaps of gold,
Do sire and maiden, young and old,
His glorious name confess.
Then praised be Jove who wills that still
Old Hellas every plain and hill
Shall freedom's safeguard bless.

EPODE.

But woe, on us, in this drear land

No God in pity deigns to smile,
Alas! for our exilèd band,

Forlorn and far from home we stand

With nought our misery to beguile.

For doomèd here to find our graves

Slow pining in a land of slaves,

For us no gale of freedom blows,

For us no more its nectar flows

In joy our minds to steep.

But destined we the grief to share,

To drink of slavery's bitter air,

And 'neath its curse to weep.

LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING THE ALHAMBRA.

Who, who, Alhambra, can unmoved survey,
 Thy pomp of former times now long gone by,
 Th' enduring remnants of thine earlier day,
 Thy lost magnificence without a sigh ?
 The fretted arch, the slender column high,
 Thy monarchs' names upon thy walls displayed
 That erst had ruled beneath that sunny sky,
 In dangerous pomp thy Arab sceptre swayed
 Beneath those gorgeous roofs with gold and blue inlaid.

Omar, Abdallah, names each wall records,
 In many a line's reiterated pride,
 The mute memorials of thy former lords,
 Who, but for these, had unremembered died :
 Long may those names upon thy wall abide ;
 So gracefully the flowing words combine
 With the bright hues by Moorish art allied,
 Which wov'n along in many an endless line
 Around thy lovely courts in scarce-dimmed splendour shine.

Would that I were a glimpse allowed to see
 Such as thou wert in lost Boabdil's day,
 When proud Grenada's savage chivalry
 Not yet subdued had owned the Christian sway,
 Nor leaguered yet the rugged fortress lay.

But through the marble corridors there streamed
The turbaned crowd of Moslem warriors gay,
Where gilded helms and flashing corselets gleamed,
And proud, as yet undimmed by Christian valour, beamed.

No more thy sculptured portals shall behold
Beneath their arch the Zegri chief advance,
As all arrayed in steel and burnished gold,
He saunters in with proud and haughty glance,
That doth the more his gilded pride enhance.
No more hast thou that gallant race beheld,
In whom was lost so many a valiant lance,
When from their heads, through trait'rous slander felled,
Along the Lion's Court the gory current welled.

Now mute art thou. The voice of man is gone
That erst resounded in thine echoing halls;
In silent state thou now remainest lone,
Nor scarce one footstep hearest as it falls,
Save when some pilgrim views thy storied walls,
Perchance a daughter fair of Albion's isle,
Who once again unwonted sounds recalls
With joyous mirth within thy mouldering pile,
That glows with added grace beneath her sunny smile.

LINES, IN IMITATION OF SCOTT, WRITTEN ON A TOUR TO THE LAKES.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

1.

On would alas that I could tell
 The beauties of each mountain dell,
 Describe each dusky linn,
 Enrapture all who'd chance to hear,
 When singing of the waters clear,
 That lave thy shores, O Windermere,
 As seen from Bowness Inn.
 High Langdale Pikes our toils have seen,
 And Bowfell with its slopes of green,
 Rough Skiddaw with the heavy head,
 And Grizedale Pike with granite red,
 Th' Old Man of Coniston;
 And huge Helvellyn on us frowned,
 As slow from Ambleside we wound
 Our weary progress on.
 Till lay before us, rugged, rude,
 And all in rocky solitude,
 The valley of St. John.
 But ah! no mystic fortress piled,
 Met our enchanted eyes;
 No sandalled huntress of the wild,
 Like her the genii's fraudulent child,

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Fair Guendolen ; with accents mild,
That erst on royal Arthur smiled,
And long the warrior king beguiled
From deeds of high emprise.

2.

For who is there that does not sigh
For days of chivalry gone by ;
When wandering at every turn
One met a knight or warrior stern
Who in one's pathway stood,
And asked perchance in courteous guise
A combat for the glorious prize
Of favour in his Lady's eyes,
Or reason just as good.
Yes, now, alas ! the gallant steed
With trappings gay and bright,
The burnished buckler good at need,
Emblazoned high with many a deed
Of glory won in fight ;
Th' embroidered surcoat's bright array,
And helmet with its feathers gay,
Are vanished from our sight.
Gone, gone is all adventure now,
Our steps where'er we bend,
And safely onward dull and slow
Our prosy ways we wend
On level ways ; all danger far,
No felon knight our way to bar,

Or giant grim and bold ;
No chance to win a lady's smile,
By bearing her from dungeon vile,
Where long immured by pagan wile
She'd pined within the hold.
But gone the spear, the helmet's plume,
Gone is the war-horse too ;
Instead of these, we find the brougham ;
For castle gay, the inn's best room ;
And for the surcoat's brodered vest,
The shambling post-boy gaily dressed,
In jacket red or blue.

3.

What boots it then I should relate,
How in the jingling ear we sate,
And saw fair Borrowdale ;
For dry descriptions such as these
Can scarce fastidious readers please,
That all expect adventures rare
Should throng the very mountain air,
And people every vale :
That disappointed turn away,
Because I've nothing more to say
Than praise of Windermere.
That Bassenthwaite is very fine,
And Derwentwater quite divine,
With Grizedale mountain near

That Scafell Pike is higher found
Than all the hills that stretched round,
 Like slumbering giants lay,
When all extended at their length,
They rest from, weary spite their strength,
 The labours of the day.
But sure that all this dry detail,
Readers like you to please must fail,
 I'll seek no more for rhymes,
But hang my lyre against the wall
Upon the sofa idly fall,
(Of horse-hair, sloping, smooth, and small)
 And sigh for former times.

LINES ON BUTTERMERE, IN IMITATION OF MOORE.

1.

ON know ye the valley of sweet Buttermere,
 With the Lake that's within it so limpid, so still,
 That it seems that the breeze that sweeps round it must fear,
 To disturb with its motion its waters so clear,
 And accordingly haunts but the top of the hill.
 While the char, and the trout with the glittering scales,
 Where mingled with azure the purple prevails,
 So clear are the depths of the waters below,
 So distinctly we see at the bottom each stone,
 They seem as we watch them, as onward they go,
 To be floating along in an air of their own.
 Unless far quicker than a glance,
 They eager upward dart perchance,
 To snap at some rose-coloured fly,
 Then to their depths they downward hie;
 From whence the circles wide extending,
 Disturb the surface of each wave,
 The gentle fishes' flight befriending,
 Safe to its own and distant cave.

2.

Ah ever there the music swells,
Of sheep with faintly tinkling bells.
That crop the herbage juicy green,
Fit ornaments for such a scene.

Or else you may see there its maidens upturning,
To heaven above them their laughing blue eyes,
And you'll know there is something than fire more burning,
And brighter than stars that bespangle the skies.
Ah, who among men would not wander for ever,
In thee, among vallies, most lovely, most dear ;
Ah, sigh when his fortune at last must dissever
The view of thy charms from him, sweet Buttermere !

ROME AND BRITAIN.

A FRAGMENT, WRITTEN IN ITALY.

WHO, 'mong thy ruins, Rome, shall ponder long,
Deserted fanes and grass-grown hills among,
Oft sadly musing must perforce retrace
The fallen fortunes of that lordly race ;
How all has vanished save a glorious name,
Inscribed for ever in the rolls of fame.
Such thoughts as these too in his breast may be
If, mighty Britain, they should turn to thee.

The time may come and thou mayst see the day,
When power shall flee, dominion pass away.
And scarcely known, but in the poet's rhyme,
Thou too shalt feel the onward march of time,
Beneath whose breath an empire's hoary night
Melts like a phantom in the shades of night.

When kingdoms tremble at thy wrath no more,
And wealth has fled to some more favoured shore,
No longer burthened by the naval throng,
When silent Thames shall pour his tide along ;
'Mid mould'ring bridges, banks with reeds o'ergrown,
His wave unsought for and his source unknown ;

Perchance sole honour of that wasted land,
The last and saddest of a deathless band,
Some ancient bard the mournful lay shall raise,
And sing the glories of departed days ;
In tender strains bewail her honour fled,
Her lost renown and pristine vigour dead ;
Then bolder grown her matchless deeds proclaim,
And thus recall her never dying fame.

“ Yet it was thine, Oh Albion, once to hold
The due reward of conduct wise and bold :
From East to West thy powerful rule was feared,
Thy might respected, and thy name revered.
Not Egypt's kings or Persia's haughty lords,
In barbarous pomp that ruled their slavish hordes,
So many realms could reckon as their own :
Not mighty Cæsar on th' imperial throne
Of awful Rome such wide domains could boast,
Held by his legions' fierce disciplined host.
Where hoar Himala lifts his head on high,
Of all earth's giants nearest to the sky,
Thy vales, Bengal, and Delhi, teeming plains,
Bombay the rich, Benares' sacred fanes ;
Where the Mogul had erst in earlier day,
Cruel and lavish, ruled with gorgeous sway ;
Mahratta chiefs and mountain Rajahs ; all,
Have owned thy empire and obeyed thy call.

O'er hardier fœs her triumphs not the less,
Thy plains, Cashmere, can truthfully confess,

Where in four fields the power of Lahore
Before her arms has sunk to rise no more.*
Crushed are your hordes, Punjaub, Beloochistan,
In vain each chieftain leads his furious clan,
The plundering Seikh, the frantic Akalee,
Fell foiled before her, on thy field, Moodkee.
Sobraon saw in dread confusion whirled,
The baffled ruffians in the waters hurled ;
(Less thick the corpses that forbade the flight
Of Persia's king, from Salamis' fight ;)
And sacred Indus' now polluted flood,
Astonished rolled a tide of human blood.

* * * *

* This was written after the first Sikh war, and before the second. The author, if a poet, was certainly no prophet.

LA SOPRESA DI LONDRA.

OPERA IN THREE ACTS,

AS IT WILL BE REPRESENTED IN AN ITALIAN THEATRE
A CENTURY HENCE.

FREELY DONE INTO ANTICIPATORY ENGLISH.

PERSONAGES.

ALBERTO, Prince of England	by the	SIGNOR GARDONI of that day.
ARTURO, an English Duke	„	SIGNOR LABLACHE „
ROBERTO, an English Minister	„	SIGNOR TAGLIAFICO „
GIONVILLO, a French Prince	„	SIGNOR TAMBURINI „
EDOARDO, A French Nobleman	„	SIGNOR MARIO „
VITTORIA, Queen of England	„	MADE. PERSIANI „
MARIA, Niece of Arturo	„	MADE. GRISI „
LUCIA, Daughter of Roberto	„	MADLLE. ALBONI „

French and English Soldiers, Maids of Honour,
Policemen, &c. &c. &c.

The Scene of the Play is laid in London.

^R
LA SOPRESA DI LONDRA.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

Open space in front of Buckingham Palace. St. Paul's is seen on the right and Westminster Abbey on the left.

Chorus of British soldiers.

HAIL, all hail to our noble Queen,
So great a monarch's ne'er been seen.
Our fortunes gay shall aye endure,
Ever prosperous, ever sure.

First soldier. On firm foundations ever,
Shall Britain's fortune stay,
Misfortune's tempest never
Shall sweep them all away.

Chorus. Hail, all hail, &c.

[Enter Vittoria, Alberto, Guards, &c.]

RECITATIVE.

Vittoria. Thanks, loyal subjects, for your hearty praise,
 Thanks for those cheers, and for those loyal lays,
 Never indeed while ye before me stand
 Shall stern misfortune seek this favoured land.

AIR.

The tempest's lowering shock,
 Shall on my kingdom break
 As waves upon a rock,
 Nor cause it once to shake.
 The drear malignant hour
 That would my hopes destroy,
 Shall lose its venom'd power
 Nor cumber once my joy.

[*They seat themselves. An incidental ballet. Grand dance of policemen with their staves. Pas de deux between an inspector and a maid of honour. Mazurka by the whole corps de ballet.*]

Enter ARTURO.

RECITATIVE

Art. (*kneels*) To thee, my liege, I pay all honour due.
Vitt. Thanks, noble Duke.
Alb. Thanks from Alberto too.
Vitt. Are all the guards around that watch do keep
 On Britain's safety, watchful or asleep?

Art. That they're awake I've seen, and all's secure ;
Then rest in peace, of Britain's safety sure.

TRIO.

Vitt. Alb. and You've }
Art. I've } walked to all the guards,
No slumber sealed their eyes,
They keep their watch and ward
To guard against surprise.

Art. Be sure that all are waking,
Though some their fast are breaking,
Yet none their rest are taking,
They watch and ward for thee !

Vitt. Yes, here I'll rest serenely,
Securely, safe and queenly,
Of them I'll think not meanly ;
They watch and ward for me !

Alb. Yes, she may rest serenely,
It would be acting greenly,
To think of them so meanly ;
They watch and ward for she !

Chorus. We know that they are waking,
Why need there then be quaking,
Or getting in a taking ;
They watch and ward for we !

[*Exeunt omnes.* A march heard in the distance. *Enter Gionvillo,*
Edoardo and French soldiers, stealthily.]

RECITATIVE.

Gion. So here we are. The Thames in safety passed,
 The guards surprised, in London we're at last.
 Silent, my friends, then let us all advance
 Hush, not a sound, and London yields to France.

Chorus of French soldiers.

Hush not a word must be heard from our legions,
 Come to reduce the proud English to slavery;
 Not a step, not a voice must be heard in these regions,
 Caution is not inconsistent with bravery.

Hush! hush! hush!

Now is the time that proud London's rich pillage,
 Shall recompense France's well-known generosity;
 Weep England, for London reduced to a village,
 Shall make you repent of your savage ferocity.

Hush! hush! hush!

RECITATIVE.

Gion. Enough, my friends. I go to seize the Bank,
 With the Lord Mayor, and other men of rank.
 Thou, Edoardo, here must stay the while
 And watch yon palace, home of fraud and guile.

[*Exeunt all but Edoardo.*]

Enter MARIA from the Palace.

Maria. Bright beams the sky, the atmosphere is calm,
 Why is it ^{then} that I should feel alarm?
 Yet so it is. [*sees Edoardo*] Ah, who is that I see?
 'Tis Edoardo, yes 'tis surely he!

Edoardo. Yes, it is I !

Maria. In Paris' halls whom erst

I saw and loved.

Edoardo. But loved by me the first.

DUETT.

Maria. Why come ye here }
Edoardo. Oh stay not here } all danger scorning,

Know ye not that peril's nigh ?

Oh listen to these words of warning.

Stay not here. Oh fly, oh fly !

Haste ye then from yonder palace,

Edoardo. } I've not time to tell you why ;

Maria. } Much I fear lest you should die ;

Haste, avoid your foemen's malice,

Stay not here then ; fly, oh fly !

[*Exeunt each in opposite directions, without finding out what the other means.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T I I.

SCENE I.

*A room in Roberto's house.**Roberto amidst several tables covered with papers. Enter messenger with letters, and exit.*

RECITATIVE.

Roberto. Ha, is it so? [*reads.*] “Ships have been seen to steer
 Hard by Southampton.” Then the French are near.
 I haste to warn the Admiralty's lord,
 That he must quick some men-of-war afford.

[*Takes letters.*] This to Arturo. This to the lord Mayor.
 I'm off in haste that I may make things square.

AIR.

I must haste throughout the city,
 Quickly must I run, run, run,
 I am sure 'twould be a pity,
 Were this town to be o'errun.
 Bring me quick my coach and horses,
 Fetch me all my papers too ;
 I'll assemble all the forces :
 I have got so much to do.

[Exit. Enter Lucia.

Lucia. Whither so quickly runs my father, dear,
 What's in the wind? Why does he haste from here?

[Enter Maria and maids of honour.

Chorus of Maids of Honour.

Such terrors now enclose us all,
 We know not where to flee;
 We soon shall be beneath the thrall
 Of a rapacious enemy.

RECITATIVE.

Lucia. What is the matter ? quickly tell, what mean
 These frightened looks ?

Maria. Such fearful sights we've seen/
 The French are come. They've seized on all the town/
 The Queen has fled, nor staid to save her crown.
 But worse than all, the Guards have marched away ;
 Oh, was there ever seen so dire a day !

Lucia. Alas ! alas ! is all this sad news true ?
 The Queen has fled ! the guards departed too !

DUETT.

Maria and Lucia.

Why have they not then drawn the blade,
 Their country's need to seek to aid,
 And save us from the foe :
 Why see we not their squadrons wheel,
 Why stay they not to ply the steel,
 Their legions to o'erthrow.
 Why do they then cuirasses wear,
 If now they are afraid to dare,
 And charge this hateful band ;

What is the use of all their swords
 If none of them its aid affords,
 To free fair England's land.

Enter GIONVILLO, EDOARDO, and French soldiers, with ROBERTO, prisoner.

QUINTETT.

<i>G.</i> See how this traitor,	<i>Ed.</i> See how the traitor's
Is now in my power;	In Gionvillo's power,
I'll have his head off	He'll have his head off
This very hour.	This very hour.
<i>Rob.</i> Ah! on my head now,	<i>M. & L.</i> Ah! he is fallen
Misfortune doth shower;	In Gionvillo's power,
See me, of my age now	Down from the height of
Cut off in the flower.	Prosperity's tower.
<i>Maria and Lucia.</i> Spare him, spare him.	
<i>Gionvillo and Edoardo.</i>	That we may not.
<i>Roberto.</i> Kill me, ruffians!	
<i>Gionvillo and Edoardo.</i>	P'raps we may.
<i>Maria and Lucia,</i> Oh, have mercy!	
<i>Gionvillo and Edoardo.</i>	If we slay not.
<i>All.</i> You will } We won't }	do what's right to-day.

Chorus of Soldiers.

Yes, to the death with the villainous minister;
 Never more shall he try our fair France to o'erthrow.
 An end shall be put to his projects so sinister,
 And down in the dust his foul schemes we'll lay low.

End of the second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A dungeon in Guildhall.

Roberto alone.

RECITATIVE.

Roberto. Thus must it be. The end is near at hand ;
I fall a prey to fierce Gionvillo's band :
Thus by my blood he vows he will atone
For hate to France so oft by England shewn.
Her frequent insults, her perfidious fraud,
And what he calls her insolence abroad.

[*Enter Edoardo.*

Ah, who is this that comes to bring my doom ?

Edoardo. I do but come to save you from the tomb.

DUETT.

Edoardo. Yes I come to rescue thee
From Gionvillo's furious band,
Yes I come to rescue thee,
And save thee from his hand.
Soon shall ope thy prison's portal,
For the jailor I have gained ;
Soon and then, most happy mortal,
Liberty thou'lt have attained.

Roberto. What you come to rescue me
 From Gionvillo's furious band,
 What you come to rescue me,
 And save me from his hand.
 I thought myself near death's grim portal,
 And that misfortunes on me rained ;
 Methought I am a hapless mortal,
 And to my life's end I have waned.

Roberto. But wherefore come you thus to aid me,
 Why this friendship for a foe ?

Edoardo. 'Twas because Maria prayed me,
 Could not stand her tears and woe.

Both. I will }
 Therefore } fly, the moment's pressing.

There's no time to tell ^{me} } more.
 you }

No time is there for riddles guessing,
 We should have been off before.

[*Enter Jailor.*

RECITATIVE.

Jailor. All, all is lost, Gionvillo's at the gate !

Roberto. If so, I must prepare to meet my fate.

Edoardo. What can we do ? for fierce Gionvillo sure
 Is come to change the guard, and make secure
 The death he dooms you. What then can be done ?

Roberto. Have you no means for me to cut and run ?

Edoardo. Ah ! now I have it. You shall change with me
 Your cloak and hat, Gionvillo will not see

The difference that doth between us lie :

When he goes out, then you with him can fly.

[*They change cloaks and hats. Enter Gionvillo and Guard.*

Gionvillo. Ah here he is. [To *Edoardo*, taking him for *Roberto*.

My friend, your hour is come,.

In a few moments sounds the fatal drum.

TRIO.

Gionvillo. Now, *Roberto*, you must render

Account of mischief you would make ;

Well indeed no feelings tender

Mar the vengeance France can take.

Edoardo. (Aside.) Ah, *Maria*, news I'll send her

Of all that I've done for her sake ;

Seeing that I dare n't offend her,

Surely she will pity take.

Roberto. (Aside.) First indeed my hopes were slender

My escape that I should make ;

But *Edoardo's* been the mender

Of my fortune's desperate stake.

RECITATIVE.

Gionvillo. Here, *Edoardo*, wherefore art thou here ?

Roberto. Answer I must, and yet to speak I fear.

Gionvillo. Speak, and that quickly.

Roberto. Why, my lord, you know

I did but come to see my prisoned foe.

Gionvillo. Quick, let us hence. In half an hour you'll see

The doom of France's wily enemy.

[*Exeunt Gionvillo, Roberto, and Guards.*

Edoardo. So he is gone. I've put myself in danger,
To save a Briton, enemy, and stranger.

AIR.

So he is gone, and I am left
For many a weary hour to weep;
I from love for ever reft,
He to safety and to sleep.
Why was my love in Britain born?
Or why was I in Gallia bred?
For I am hopeless and forlorn,
And she her Edward's love must dread.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

*The encampment of the British Army in Hyde Park. In front, Vittoria,
Alberto and Guards. Cannon heard at intervals.*

Chorus. Hear ye all the cannon sounding,
'Tis the sign our foemen yield;
And each echo still re-bounding,
Shews us masters of the field.

[Cannon.

Vittoria. Another volley, far and farther
Sounds the tumult of the fray;
The foe's retiring, and I rather
Think that we shall win the day.

[Cannon.

Alberto. There again, its sounding louder,
It is coming nearer now;
Methinks that I can smell the powder,
We shall lose the day I vow.

[Cannon.

Vittoria. Again, indeed, 'tis fainter growing,

'Tis the sign of victory ;

For ^{as} sure the battle's going,

And the Frenchmen turn and flee.

[*Cannon.*

[*Enter Lucia, bearing a captured French standard.*

Lucia. Lo, behold, the trophy taken

From the legions of the Gaul ;

While our standard, still unshaken,

Waves defiance to them all.

Chorus. Hail to thee, heroic maiden,

Hail the standard which you bring ;

Long of thee with trophies laden,

Shall victorious Albion sing.

[*Enter Messenger.*

RECITATIVE.

Messenger. The fight is o'er. The conquest of the foe,

To brave Arturo's matchless skill you owe.

Soon he'll be here. He ordered me, in haste,

To tell he comes with noble captives graced.

[*Enter Arturo with Gionvillo and Roberto as prisoners. English soldiers.*

Chorus. Hail, brave Arturo. Hail the conquering lord ;

Behold the glorious trophies of his sword.

Arturo. Madam, the chief of this mad enterprise

Is here a captive, and my lawful prize ;

One loss, alas, we have now to deplore,

The sage Roberto is we fear no more.

- All.* No more !
- Arturo.* Too true, by this fierce chief indeed
His doom was ordered, and his death decreed.
- Chorus.* What, oh prince, now did you really
Murder England's wisest son ?
- Gionvillo.* I am sorry that I merely
Could condemn to death this one.
- Chorus.* Crime like yours be sure you'll rue it,
Death shall be your portion too.
- Gionvillo.* If I could again I'd do it ;
Foes to France are ne'er too few.
- Vittoria.* Hence away to execution,
Since my friend to kill you dared to.
- Roberto.* (*Throws off his cloak and comes forward.*)
E'er you take that resolution,
See in me the lost
- All.* Roberto !!!

RECITATIVE.

- Roberto.* Yes, it is I. Good Edoardo braved
His country's anger, and his foe man saved ;
We changed between us cloaks and hats, and so
Himself deceived, Gionvillo let ^{us} go.

[*Enter Maria and Edoardo.*

- Maria* (*kneels*). Madam, behold a prisoner ta'en by me /
- Roberto.* 'Tis my deliverer, yes, indeed, 'tis he.

DUETT.

Maria. Roberto.

Oh release this captive here,
 He deserves it of your hand;
 To our hearts he is most dear,
 We your clemency demand.

RECITATIVE.

Vittoria (to Edoardo). Truly indeed my thanks to thee are due,

We grant your pardon if Maria sue;
 Nay, more, if good Arturo will allow,
 Maria's self upon thee we bestow.

[*Arturo bows.*]

Edoardo. It is too much. Henceforth, I do declare,
 Alone for Britain's fortunes shall I care.

Vittoria. For thee, Gionvillo, safe to France's shore
 Shalt thou be sent. So venture here no more.
 Thy troops with thee too shall be sent; and so
 I hope this land no more shall see a foe.

QUARTETT.

Vittoria. Well, I hope we now may reckon,
 Peace shall haunt this favoured shore.

Gionvillo. Sure I am no hopes shall beckon,
 Me this land t'assail once more.

Edoardo. In this isle I'll be a dweller,
 Distant from the cannon's roar.

Arturo. Strong is Albion: try to fell her,
 And she's firmer than before.

Gionvillo & Edoardo. Willingly our thanks we tender,
 For thy kindness
 To our blindness,
 Gratitude to thee we'll render :
 France with Albion ne'er shall war.

Vittoria & Arturo. You are friends who once were foemen,
 Since relenting
 And repenting,
 You seem both resolved to show men,
 France and Albion hate no more.

AIR.

Maria. Oh, don't join
 In furious war again ;
 But all combine
 That peace and love may reign.
 With Edoardo I
 A happy life shall lead ;
 And ne'er more sigh
 In hopeless love indeed.

CHORUS.

Joy to Vittoria, element and glorious,
 Pride of the land that she governs so well ;
 Joy to old Albion, strong and victorious,
 Oft to her praise our chorus shall swell.

Curtain falls.

ASTRONOMY.

A POEM AFTER THE MANNER OF DYER.

SEE o'er these radiant fields enamoured stray,
 The fabled offspring of the milky way ;
 While gems cerulean brighter hues unfold,
 And change the living adamant to gold.
 So each lone star perspicuous to its fall,
 Gleams with pale splendour from its cloud-capped ball,
 Weaves to soft hymns its visionary tune,
 In airy circles round the mystic rune.
 Ah, who on æther's gory height can gaze,
 Nor seek to woo its transitory phase ?
 Whilst waning moons and planets roam between,
 Nor dim the holy aspect of the scene.

Be still each thought, nor seek, ye fiends, to jar
 With arts infernal every rolling star :
 Seek not to rouse the passions fearful fray,
 Nor lave their depths in elemental spray.
 One ruin shall your fearful schemes o'erwhelm,
 And reign supreme o'er each fantastic realm.

Thus mild Urania, daughter of the skies,
With rapture saw each fair creation rise ;
And far more distant than her aching sight
Could pierce the regions of eternal night,
Each flaming sun's colossal magnitude
Each rolling world with ecstasy she viewed,
Bright spheres round spheres in magic dances meet
And suns round suns the mystic whirl complete.

THE COMBAT AT GRENADA.

A BALLAD.

THE subject of this ballad is a well known one. Zelinda, the wife of Boabdil, the last king of Grenada, has been falsely accused by Mohammed Zegri, one of the chiefs of the clan of that name. She is condemned to be burnt alive in the great square of Grenada, unless e'er the sun sets four champions will do battle on her behalf, and overcome her accuser and three chosen warriors of his tribe, who are ready to maintain the truth of the accusation against all comers. To the surprise of all, the queen has refused to choose her champions from among the warriors of Grenada.

1.

THE Zegri chiefs all motionless upon their horses sit,
And motionless their steeds remain save champing of the bit ;
O'er glittering helm and corselet braced, and burnoose round him twined,
Each sullen challenger's tall plume floats lazy in the wind.

2.

And now each sultry hour of fate is slowly passing by,
Towards the west the sun declines, the dreadful hour is nigh :
Each Moorish maid is sick and faint, cold runs each warrior's blood,
The muttering crowd that flocked around, in dread impatience stood.

3.

For if no answering horn is heard before that sun sinks down,
Then woe unto the loveliest dame in all Grenada's town :
But patient still beside the pile all heedless sat the queen,
And calmly gazed with vacant eye upon the fearful scene.

4.

Forth stepped the gallant Musa then, Grenada's hope and pride,
And soon in suppliant guise he kneels at sad Zelinda's side.
" Oh Lady," thus in grief he cries, " no answering horn I hear,
No valiant knight comes forth to meet for thee the Zegris spear.

5.

" Into the west the sun sinks fast, unanswered is thy call,
Thy chosen warriors fail thee now, full soon then must thou fall ;
Why then, oh why, invite your fate, a hundred chiefs are there,
Speak but the word and for your cause a hundred swords are bare.

6.

" The judges of the list are we, but choosest thou our aid,
More pleasing will it be by far, to draw for thee the blade.
Then, lady, choose thy champions now, no longer then delay,
Nor let the Zegris triumph in thy guiltless death to-day."

7.

Thus spake the gallant Moorish chief, and at her feet he knelt,
As with imploring words he tried her fixed resolve to melt.
But as the rain beats on the rock, so Musa's words of prayer
Were lost upon that ladye pale, as calmly she sat there.

8.

“ I thank thee, gallant Musa, and I thank thy comrades three
But none but those I’ve summoned here shall draw a sword for me.
And if they dare not in my cause to venture on the strife,
Then welcome death shall be to me ; what joy have I in life ?”

9.

Thus said Zelinda to the chief, but scarce those words she spoke,
Of horse’s hoofs th’ approaching tramp upon the silence broke ;
And as he gazed quick beat the heart of each spectator there,
As champions four on gallant steeds bound hasty in the square.

10.

No arms of Moorish make they wear, no Christian knights they seem,
But round them foreign arms are braced, and foreign weapons gleam.
In corselets strange and arms uncouth, ride forth those cavaliers,
Their only ensign pennons green that flutter from their spears.

11.

Then to the king the leader rode, and vailed his lofty lance,
“ From Turkey’s land afar,” he said, “ we’ve wandered here by chance.
And hearing of th’ appointed fight, I and my comrades three
Have hastened here to offer that the champions we may be.”

12.

Then turning to the queen he rode, in front of her he stopped,
A letter tied with silken string within her lap he dropped.
Sore started then the hapless queen, well she that letter knew,
And these indeed her chosen knights, her champions good and true.

13.

The first was Juan of Chacon, fair Carthagenas's lord,
The next was Ponce de Leon of Castile surnamed the sword.
The third was he in fight renowned, Alonzo d'Aguilar,
Cordova's Don Diego last, his rival in the war.

14.

Well then to Carthagenas's lord had sped her call for aid ;
Right joyfully that chieftain true had drawn for her the blade.
And when he asked for comrades three to aid his enterprise,
To fight for innocence betrayed Castile's first warriors rise.

15.

So with these chosen comrades three, selected from the rest,
Of all the nobles of Castile the bravest and the best,
Disguised in Turkish weeds they rode : now in the list they stand,
Each trusted in his righteous cause and in his strong right hand.

16.

Now sound to fight the trumpets, to his post each warrior goes,
And barely six spears lengths apart, confronts his valiant foes.
And through the anxious crowd around a shuddering there ran,
Once more the fatal trump was heard ; the deadly strife began.

17.

Now as at sea the labouring ship's oft hidden by the spray,
Thus for a time do clouds of dust obscure the warriors' way,
And when at length they're borne apart, gone is that bright array,
The plumes are scattered o'er the field, blood-stained the harness gay.

18.

For fierce th' encounter was and stern between those warriors tried,
While fame in hundred combats won was risked on either side.
At last the balanced scale sinks down, and on the unjust cause,
Avenging heaven wrathful frowns, and its support withdraws.

19.

Mahadon Gomel is at length by Chacon's lord o'erthrown,
Before Alonzo d'Aguilar both horse and man go down ;
In vain Mohammed Zegri strives, the traitor false, to rise,
Disarmed and wounded by his foe a captive bound he lies.

20.

On Ali Hamed's burnished casque De Leon smote so fair,
His steel of Seville only saved the Moorish cavalier.
Moctader 'mong his peers alone, that giant grim and bold
Against his stout antagonist his footing well can hold.

21.

Cordova's knight is backward borne ; while slowly he recedes
The Moslem warrior presses on : by many a wound he bleeds ;
But still his bearing proud and high not for a moment fails,
His fainting arm still wields his sword, his spirit never quails.

22.

Brave d'Aguilar has marked his strait, Mohammed scarce laid low,
And swift he hastens to assist a rival, erst a foe :
No angry thoughts he nourished then, that true and gen'rous knight,
No rivalry between them now when comrades in the fight.

23.

Beset by both the knights at once, Moctader fain must yield,
His sword he in submission lowers, and sullen quits the field.
Then gallant d'Aguilar to where his wounded captive lay,
As for the last time sounds the trump, sped hastily his way.

24.

With gore the sand around is stained where false Mohammed lies,
His life blood has been ebbing fast, he never more shall rise ;
Before him now kneels d'Aguilar, unsheathed his dagger blade
And to recant his falsehoods vile fierce to him summons made.

25.

" Your menaces are nought to me," the traitor slow replied,
" But death is coming quickly on, e'en now he's at my side ;
My past misdeeds I now repent, my calumnies I own,
And fain would I at this dread hour for all my guilt atone."

26.

And then to where Boabdil stood he turned his languid head,
" All guiltless is thy injured wife," with gasping breath he said,
" The proofs were forged by me, her wrongs ..." but more he could not say,
His life blood bubbled forth again, his spirit passed away.

27.

Into the lists then Musa stepped, and raised his wand on high,
" The combat ended I pronounce, low let the traitor lie.
Great Allah he hath judged the cause. Thy wife, O King," said he,
" Shall to thy halls absolved return. Revere the Lord's decree."

28.

Reluctantly Boabdil went, for shame was in his mien,
With faltering steps he slow approached, and raised his injured queen.
“ My crime I own,” low muttered he, “ forgive your cruel lord,
The scorn of all, but by himself by far the most abhorred.”

29.

No word she spake, her eyes were closed, her heaving breast alone,
Gave sign of life, unless perchance at times a stifled groan.
Away Boabdil turned again, nor could the sight endure
Of her he'd reckless doomed to death, though innocent and pure.

30.

Forth in her litter from the square th' unconscious queen they bore,
But ere they reached the palace gate their burden was no more.
Her guiltless heart with grief and joy so rudely torn in twain,
The double burden could not bear and yielded to the strain.

31.

With courteous words the victor knights are prayed a while to stay,
And take much needed rest that night, but firm they answered nay.
Their task was done, their vow brooked not their rest within the town,
And forth they went unknown, unharmed, just as the sun went down.

32.

Then honour be for evermore unto each valiant knight,
Who joyfully will draw the sword to combat for the right ;
And shame and scathe be aye the lot unto each traitor vile,
Who dares the battle for the cause of falsehood and of guile.

CHARADE.

WHEN the legions of Rome first appeared in their might,
 And Britain's fair island assailed;
 The warriors of Albion then met them in fight,
 Nor before their proud panoply quailed.

Then thundering over the ground in my *first*
 They furiously rushed o'er the plain;
 On the mail-clad array of their foemen they burst,
 Then fell over mountains of slain.

For never to mercy my *second* did lend,
 These conquerors stern and severe:
 To the bidding of Rome, no, all nations must bend,
 And serve in submission and fear.

It is grievous to add what the truth of my song
 Compels me unwilling to say,
 That my *whole* of their arms was triumphant, was long,
 And Britain bowed under their sway.

CHARADE.

To the forest one morn, with hound and with horn,
 Lord Hildebrand went on his way ;
 The forest was fair, but few men would dare
 To traverse it by night or by day.

For sorcerers dread, and fierce goblins, they said,
 Were wont to inhabit each dell ;
 And drear apparitions and wily magicians
 In its tangled recesses to dwell.

But naught cared the knight, or for goblin or sprite,
 Or for shades where enchanter's reside ;
 On his cross-handled sword, which so often its lord
 From destruction had saved, he relied.

As with fearless content his way onwards he bent
 Through the lanes by the morning bedewed,
 Through a vista of trees seated quite at her ease,
 My *first* with amazement he viewed.

No goblin accurst, or foul sorcerer versed
 In arts diabolic he spied ;
 But a ladye more fair, in her loveliness rare,
 Than ever he'd dreamt, he descried.

As onwards he came, uprose the fair dame
 With a lowly yet conquering smile,
 " Oh warrior !" sang she, " come thou homeward with me,
 And bide in my bower awhile."

And still, as she sang, and her silver voice rang,
All around seemed entranced with delight :
“ Oh, Hildebrand, haste, nor the dear moments waste,
While I wait for my own lovèd knight.”

Ah, warrior, beware, you in battle can dare,
No foe you rejoice not to meet ;
But a woman’s deep guile, and her soul trancing smile,
Is a foe that you scarce can defeat.

With her witchery there, and soft accents of prayer,
My *second* had conquered almost ;
To the charm of those eyes, if he yield then, he dies,
And the bravest of warriors is lost.

He resolves to remain, and his hand’s on the rein,
A moment and he’s on the ground,
When he heard a wild cry that was uttered him nigh,
And he saw that it came from his hound.

With hair bristling with dread, and with half-turnèd head
His faithful companion stood by ;
For beasts we’ll oft find, when we mortals are blind,
Foul spirits of ill can desery.

He is warned by that sound, by that cry from his hound,
He begins to suspect the foul snare ;
He makes the blessed sign, and to powers divine
He earnestly mutters a prayer.

And still, as he prayed, there came a dark shade

O'er the face of that ladye so bright,

While at each holy name fled some charm from the dame,

Till her brow it grew dark as the night.

The boughs drooped and died, as beneath them she hied,

Swift gliding away with a scream ;

And still on the blast, her foul curses she cast,

That my *whole* had attended her scheme.

PROLOGUE

TO A COMEDY CALLED

“WHERE THERE’S A WILL, THERE’S A WAY;”

ACTED AT HATCHFORD, FEB. 8, 1850.

N. B. No curtain, or scenery, was used.

IN early days, when glorious Shakespeare penned
 Works doomed to last until this world shall end,
 The youthful Drama scorned all tricks of trade,
 Nor feebly leant on adventitious aid:
 Contented by her merits to be tried,
 She walked alone, and sought no aid beside.
 Her only stage was then a frame of board;
 A scanty curtain all she could afford
 For scenes, etcetera, which these harsher times
 To be without will think such mighty crimes.
 “A street in Mantua” seen on a placard
 Showed well enough the meaning of the bard;
 Or else a chorus, like old Gower, the poet,
 Knew what was wanted, and could clearly show it.
 ’Tis thus *we* act. I come t’explain the scene,
 “Lend me your ears!” no, no, your eyes, I mean.
 Confide with guileless confidence in me,
 And I will tell you what you *ought* to see.

See then in front, of crimson fringed with gold,
 A gorgeous curtain hangs in many a fold;
 Thereon depicted a delightful scene,
 A shepherd dancing on a village green,
 While damsels dart their most engaging looks,
 Enhanced most greatly by their hoops and crooks.
 But now I guess you anxious are to view,
 The wonders which this curtain hides from you.
 Come, draw the curtain—what, you're struck with awe?
 I thought you would be when the scene you saw.
 That splendid chamber rich with every thing
 That taste could fancy or that wealth can bring,
 That glorious roof, that tap'stry rich and rare:
 A *mise en scène* that's quite beyond compare.
 See in the centre is the chair of state
 Which none dare sit in but the truly great;
 And on my right a table you may view
 With most important papers covered too.
 In short I'm sure you'll willingly allow,
 You never saw so fine a scene till now.

And now I've done—Stop, e'er commence the show,
 I've one thing more to ask before I go.
 What more! you say, how much the man demands!
 Yes, eyes and ears I've got; I ask your *hands*.
 Fear not to use them if you wish us well,
 Applause to us is more than I can tell:
 It warms the bolder spirits to the strife,
 And to the timid is the breath of life.

To interrupt us then you need not fear,
Such interruptions always are most dear.
So with this prayer I now retire within,
Ho! actors enter, and your parts begin.

.

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THE NOBLE AUTHOR.

FROM THE FRENCH.

PERSONAGES.

THE DUKE OF MIDDLESEX.

MR. FUSTIAN, Tragic Author.

MR. RATTLE, Comic Author.

THOMPSON, Valet to the Duke.

THE NOBLE AUTHOR.

The Duke in a dressing gown, with his shirt collar turned down, walking about with a pen in his hand. Thompson arranging the room. A writing table at the side.

Duke. Hang it. I can't write a line, not one! Ah! come, [*he writes.*] No; it's too long. Yes, but thus, [*writing*] Ah, it's too short.

Thompson. I wonder your Grace will write verses, when they give you so much trouble.

Duke. Trouble! what do you mean? Do my verses give me much trouble?

Thompson. They use'nt to, your Grace, I know while Mr. Johnson the secretary was here, but since he is gone . . .

Duke. There now, hold your tongue: you make me lose the thread of my composition; your talking puts all my ideas out of my head.

Thompson. I'm very sorry. I'm sure if I had any ideas I should be happy to give them to your Grace.

Duke. You give me ideas? Stop—don't make a noise. Yes, this is excellent [*writing*], very good—but where's the rhyme? It's extraordinary that to-day I can't . . .

Thompson. Now, if your Grace would only listen to me, the thing would be done directly.

Duke. Well, sir, speak.

Thompson. Why, if I were your Grace, I'd have my verses written by the people who make it their business to do these things.

Duke. Yes, if I could not write them myself, you stupid fellow.

Thompson. Oh, I beg your Grace's pardon. I thought . . .

Duke. There now, that will do . . . Let me see . . .

Thompson. Mr. Fustian and Mr. Rattle wish to see your Grace.

Duke. What do they want? I'm busy.

Thompson. So I told them.

Duke. Come, let them in.

[*Exit Thompson. Enter Fustian and Rattle.*]

Ah! gentlemen, I'm delighted to see you, but I fear that I shall not be able to give you much time, as I am very busy just now.

Fustian. Your Grace is as great a votary of the Muses as ever, I hope.

Rattle. The Duke is too great a favourite of theirs not to be so.

Duke. It is true, they have occasionally shewn themselves not very unkind.

Fus. and Rat. Oh always! always!

Duke. They are capricious, sometimes, as you know.

Rattle. Never, to your Grace, I'm certain.

Duke. Oh yes, to me like other people.

Fustian. My Lord Duke, I have the honour of submitting to your notice the fifth act of my new tragedy. If your Grace could give me a quarter of an hour . . .

Rattle. And I wished to show your Grace a little song I have written, and which I mean to introduce in my new play. It won't take so long . . .

Fustian. Stop, Mr. Rattle, your turn is after mine.

Rattle. Mr. Fustian, I don't understand your pretensions.

Duke. Gentlemen, perhaps you could adjourn your dispute.

Fustian. But if your Grace would only consider whether a writer of farces ought to take precedence of a tragic poet. If any one ought to encourage elevated writing, it should be your Grace.

Rattle. But when the writing never is and never will be elevated.

Fustian. Mr. Rattle!

Rattle. Yes, while I copy truth and nature.

Fustian. Truth and nature! the merit of always copying.

Duke. Come, gentlemen, don't quarrel. You take up too much of my time.

Fustian. I have followed your Grace's advice, and have introduced another tyrant into my tragedy to aid in the denouement.

Rattle. I think your Grace would like to see my song.

Duke. I have already told you, I am very busy just now.

Fustian. If the Duke would only shew us some of his compositions.

Rattle. We should be sure of having something to admire.

Duke. No, indeed; I've spent the whole morning in thinking and scribbling without being able to finish anything.

Fustian. Has your Grace been trying a new style?

Duke. No, something very common; a verse or two.

Rattle. Nobody writes verses with such facility as the Duke.

Duke. Generally they give me no trouble at all, but to-day I don't know what has come over me.

Fustian. Is your subject an unusual one.

Duke. No, only a bouquet.

Rattle. A bouquet?

Duke. Yes, a bouquet which I wish to send to a lady with some verses. You see I want something neat and sparkling. In short, I don't exactly know what to write about. Sit down, sit down.

Fustian. But your Grace has already chosen your subject.

Duke. How?

Rattle. Why, the bouquet.

Duke. Oh, yes; I've chosen the bouquet for my subject. Just as you say. But then one has to put it into verse, and that's the difficult part.

Rattle. Have you chosen an air?

Duke. I know fifty at least.

Rattle. But you must fix upon one.

Duke. Very true: and I had a mind to . . .

Fustian. Mr. Rattle will sing you one.

Rattle. Will this do?

[*He hums an air.*]

Duke. That's just the one I was thinking of.

[*He hums it all wrong.*]

Fustian. Well then, there's your couplet.

Duke. How! No!

Fustian. I beg your pardon. Now, write.

Duke. Ah, exactly. Things come, sometimes, into one's head without any trouble.

Rattle. I'm sure they never give your Grace any trouble.

Fustian. You begin. [*He sings.*]

These flow'rs I send to thee.

Duke. Ah, that's a line, I've written and scratched out twenty times.

Fustian. Why scratch it out? It's a very good line.

Duke. Very true. [*He writes.*]

Rattle. These flow'rs I send to thee
 On this delightful day.

Duke. This is what I've written.
 These flow'rs I send to thee
 On this delightful day.

Fustian. How quick you get on! Let's see what's coming next.
 Don't disturb the Duke.

Duke. I shall write now

Rattle. With verses full of glee.

Fustian. My feelings to pourtray.

Duke. Yes, yes.

 With verses
Rattle. Full of glee

Stop a minute.

My

Fustian. Feelings to pourtray.

Duke. My feelings to pourtray.

I think this stanza is not bad. What do you say?
Don't flatter me. Tell me your real opinion.

 With flowers full of glee.
Rattle. With verses.

Duke. Yes, yes.

 With verses full of glee,
 My feelings to pourtray.

That does very well.

Fustian. Admirably.

Duke. Now for the rest. I should like to talk of her beauty.

Fustian. Yes, of her beauty ; you're quite right.

Rattle. Your exceeding loveliness.

Duke. Yes, I say
Your exceeding loveliness.

Let's write it.

Fustian. It's not we, it's your Grace that writes.

Duke. Your exceeding loveliness,

Fustian. Conquers more than Cupid's darts.

Duke. Conquers all of Cupid's darts.

Fustian. No, no, you say
Conquers *more than* Cupid's darts.

Duke. Yes, yes, I say
Conquers more than Cupid's darts.

Conquers more than, conquers more than. That's it.
You see, one must express one's ideas poetically.

Fustian. That's just your Grace's talent.

Duke. Well, I don't know, I think I *can* write sometimes.
Conquers more than Cupid's darts.

Rattle. And it makes us all confess.

Duke. Oh, that was on the tip of my tongue. In fact, I was
just going to write it.

And it makes us all confess,

Fustian. You're the goddess of our hearts.

Duke. That comes quite naturally. "We confess" that she's
the goddess of our hearts ! When you write the one,
the other comes as a matter-of-course.

Rattle. Precisely so.

Duke. Yes,

You're the goddess of our hearts.

Fustian. How charmingly expressed!

Rattle. So exquisitely natural!

Fustian. So redolent of harmony! No one but your Grace could have expressed it so well.

And it makes us all confess

You're the goddess of our hearts.

Duke. I acknowledge that I am tolerably well satisfied.

Rattle. I should think so.

Duke. Let's see the whole verse, gentlemen.

Your exceeding loveliness,

Conquers more than Cupid's darts;

And it makes us all confess

You're the goddess of our hearts.

Fustian. What imagination!

Rattle. And in one verse!

Duke.

Your exceeding loveliness

Conquers more than Cupid's darts;

And it makes us all confess,

All Three.

You're the goddess of our hearts.

Fustian. Divine!

Rattle. Delicious!

Duke. I am glad you're pleased.

Rattle. Pleased!

Fustian. We're enchanted! transported!

Duke. Well, would you believe it—I almost began to believe this morning that I never should be able to write these verses?

Rattle. You don't know your own powers.

Fustian. When shall I shew your Grace my fifth act ?

Duke. Whenever you please.

Fustian. May I hope that your Grace will give me the benefit of your powerful influence.

Duke. Most certainly.

Rattle. And I hope I shall have your Grace's opinion on my song ?

Duke. Certainly. As you have been so good as to listen to *my* composition, it is but fair I should do the same to yours.

Rattle. I should have been proud to have written those verses of your Grace's.

Duke. You flatter me.

Fustian. I hope your Grace will let me have a copy.

Duke. You shall have one.

Fustian. } *Exeunt singing.*] And it makes us all confess

Rattle. } You're the goddess of our hearts.

Enter THOMPSON.

Duke. Thompson !

Thompson. Yes, your Grace.

Duke. I think I shall dress now.

Thompson. Yes, your Grace.

Duke. I've finished my verses, Thompson.

Thompson. Yes, your Grace.

Duke. Yes, in spite of all the talking of these fellows.

Thompson. I thought I need not send them away.

Duke. Yes, I managed it all the same. Come, I'll sing them over while I dress.

[*Exeunt.*]

VISION OF THE PAST AND FUTURE.

“Watchman, what of the night?”—ISAIAH xxi. 11.

ONCE methought in earnest musing, came a vision to my mind,
Dreaming of the fates before us, and the strifes we’ve left behind.

Seemed, I would, with gaze reverted pierce into the realms of night,
Look upon earth’s elder nations rusting in their hoary might—

Where Derceto’s* mythic daughter ruled by Tigris’ palm-fringed waves ;
Where to haughty Nabonassar bowed a throng of sceptred slaves ;

Where by gilded guards surrounded slept the Persian on his throne ;
Dreamed, till waked by Grecian trumpets, that the world was all his own.

Where the wondrous son of Philip in his single life-time saw
Earth from Greece to farthest Indus, bow beneath his spear-borne law.

And yet not with this contented, further still I fain would find
More than all this march of empires, what the progress of the mind.

Ere oblivion’s sullen waves had flowed upon Shem’s heritage,
Whelmed alike the patriarch’s wisdom and the learning of the mage.

Quenched Chaldean science hoary, gleaned from many a starlit sky,
From where idol-temple turrets reared their massy platforms high.

Shutting out a single glimpse, alas, of that more precious lore,
To his sons by Adam handed, never to be told us more.

* Semiramis.

Echoes faint of hymns of Eden, incense from her groves of balm,
Fragrant drops from healing fountains, fragments of a cherub's psalm.

Knowledge which, to us sad mortals, never can on earth be given,
Taught by messengers angelic bending from the courts of heaven.

Words of grace to Seth imparted, by each patriarch handed down,
Till for earth to idols given far too pure that light had grown.

Such as these, the thoughts, the longings, while I mused of elder days,
While the veil that weighs upon them, all in vain I sighed to raise.

Fruitless are such aspirations, fond and useless are these sighs,
Rather tow'ards the teeming future turn awhile those eager eyes.

Brood not over buried nations, to the present what are they?
Think of those now struggling onward, ponder on the coming day.

And yet, when in earnest musing, forward I would turn my eye,
Still before me, as behind me, mountain barriers I descry.

Onward then in vision hast'ning, to the mountain top I climb,
Where I find a lonely watcher gazing on the mist of time.

"What seest thou, O lonely prophet, in thy visions of the night?
Is it thine, O Seer, to tell me what may be that distant light?"

For far in the dim horizon I could see a flickering red,
Such as distant furnace fires on the midnight sky might shed.

"What may be that far off gleaming, is it light of that blest day,
Which shall, to this world benighted, shed its salutary ray?"

Are the nations, sad and wailing, all in sin and darkness nursed,
Soon to rise from that sad slough in which they've lain so long immersed,

While the Sun of Righteousness with healing on its sheltering wings,
Shall in peace and joy arise to put to flight all evil things.

Is it nigh us?" Then methought I looked upon that ancient seer,
In his face I saw a sadness, and my soul was chilled with fear.

"Ah," said he, "those flickering gleams which in the distance you descry,
They are not the dawn of morning, not the Day-spring from on high.

That for which the nations waiting all in expectation bow,
Which, indeed, is surely coming, but alas, not now, not now.

'Tis the signal of the onward marching of a dangerous foe,
For behind those dusky barriers, there an army's watchfires glow;

And it is their blaze reflected forms that faint and flickering glare,
From their flames the smoke sulphureous taints the sullen midnight air.

Aye, those hosts would hasten onward, ever in the leash they strain,
Take to heart the timely warning; 'gainst the danger watch amain."

Then as what that host might be, I turned to ask the ancient seer;
Faded from my eye the vision while it lingered on the ear.

Aye in riddles dark and tangled speak the visions of the night,
Nor is this in waking hours clear unto my dullard sight.

What its import, who the foemen, though not gifted to discern,
Pond'ring on that boding vision, I, a lesson yet may learn;

Ever on the proudest kingdoms still some hidden danger waits;
Heaven grant it, O my country, that it be not at thy gates.

Empires, like the ocean surges, have their fated rise and fall,
Shall the doom then be averted by the noblest of them all?



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